

CYDER.
A
POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

—*Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo? Virg.*

WITH AN
ESSAY
ON THE
Different Stiles
OF
POETRY.

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BOOK I.

WHAT Soil the Apple loves, what Care is
 (due
 To Orchards, timeliest when to press
 (the Fruits,

Thy Gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* Verse
 Advent'rous I presume to sing ; of Verse
 Nor skill'd, nor studious : But my Native Soil
 Invites me, and the Theme as yet unsung.
 Ye *Ariconian* Knights, and fairest Dames,
 To whom propitious Heav'n these Blessings grants,
 Attend my Lays ; nor hence disdain to learn,
 How Nature's Gifts may be improv'd by Art.

And thou, O *Moslyn*, whose Benevolence,
 And Candor, oft experienc'd, Me vouchsaf'd
 To knit in Friendship, growing still with Years,
 Accept this Pledge of Gratitude and Love.

May it a lasting Monument remain
 Of dear Respect ; that, when this Body frail
 Is moulder'd into Dust, and I become
 As I had never been, late times may know
 I once was blest in such a matchless Friend.

Who-e'er expects his lab'ring Trees shou'd bend
 With Fruitage, and a kindly Harvest yield,
 Be this his first Concern ; to find a Tract
 Impervious to the Winds, begirt with Hills,
 That intercept the *Hyperborean* Blasts
 Tempestuous, and cold *Eurus* nipping Force,
 Noxious to feeble Buds : But to the West
 Let him free Entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bland
 Administer their tepid genial Airs ;
 Naught fear he from the West,] whose gentle Warmth
 Discloses well the Earth's all-teeming Womb,
 Enlivening tender Seeds ; whose Breath
 Nurtures the *Orange*, and the *Citron* Groves,
Mesperian Fruits, and wafts their Odours sweet
 Wide thro' the Air, and distant Shores perfumes.
 Nor only do the Hills exclude the Winds :
 But, when the blackning Clouds in sprinkling Show'rs
 Distill, from the high Summits down the Rain
 Runs trickling ; with the fertile Moisture chear'd,
 The Orchards smile ; joyous the Farmers see
 Their thriving Plants, and bless the heav'nly Dew.

Next, let the Planter, with Discretion meet,
 The Force and Genius of each Soil explore !
 To what adapted, what it shuns averse :
 Without this necessary Care, in vain
 He hopes an Apple-Vintage, and Invokes
Pomona's Aid in vain. The miry Fields,
 Rejoicing in rich Mold, most ample Fruit
 Of beauteous Form produce, pleasing to Sight,
 But to the Tongue inelegant and flat.



So Nature has decreed ; so, oft we see
 Men passing fair, in outward Lineaments
 Elaborate ; less, inwardly, exact.
 Nor from the sable Ground expect Success,
 Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune :
 The Must, of pallid Hue, declares the Soil
 Devoid of Spirit ; wretched He, that quaffs
 Such wheyish Liquors ; oft with Colic Pangs,
 With pungent Colic Pangs distress'd he'll roar,
 And tofs, and turn, and curseth'unwholsome Draught.
 But, Farmer, look, where full-ear'd Sheaves of Rye
 Grow wavy on the Tith, that Soil select
 For Apples ; thence thy Industry shall gain
 Ten-fold Reward ; thy Garners, thence with Store
 Surcharg'd, shall burst ; thy Press with purest Juice
 Shall flow, which, in revolving Years, may try
 Thy feeble Feer, and bind thy fault'ring Tongue.
 Such is the *Kent-church*, such *Dantreyan* Ground,
 Such Thine, O learned *Brome*, and *Capel* such,
Willifian Burlton, much-lov'd *Geers* his *Marsh*,
 And *Sutton-Acres*, drench'd with Regal Blood
 Of *Esthelbert*, when to th' unhallow'd Feast
 Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,
 To treat of Spousals : Long connubial Joys
 He promis'd to himself, allur'd by Fair
Alfrida's Beauty ; but deluded dy'd
 In height of Hopes---Oh ! hardest Fate, to fall
 In shew of Friendship, and pretended Love !
 I nor advise, nor reprehend the Choice
 Of *Marchey-Hill* ; the Apple no where finds

A kinder Mold ; Yet 'tis unsafe to trust
 Deceitful Ground : Who knows but that, once more,
 This Mount may journey, and, his present Sire
 Forsaking, to thy Neighbours Bounds transfer
 The goodly Plants affording Matter strange
 For Law-debates ? If, therefore, thou incline
 To deck this Rise with Fruits of various Tastes,
 Fail not by frequent Vows to implore Success ;
 Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring Glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
 Her Gifts) an happy Soil thou'd be with-held ;
 If a penurious Clay thou'd be thy Lot,
 Or rough unweildy Earth, nor to the Plough,
 Nor to the Cattle-kind, with sandy Stones
 And Gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
 Beneath thy Toil ; the sturdy Pear-tree here
 Will rise luxuriant, and with roughest Root
 Pierce the obstructing Grit, and restive Marle.

Thus naught is usefess made ; nor is there Land,
 But what, or of it self, or else compell'd,
 Affords Advantage. On the barren Heath
 The Shepherd tends his Flock, that daily crop
 Their verdant Dinner from the mossie Turf,
 Sufficient ; after them the Cackling Goose,
 Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her Want.
 What thou'd I more ? Ev'n on the clifly Height
 Of *Penmenmaur*, and that Cloud-piercing Hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the Traveller kens
 Astonish'd, how the Goats their shrubby Brouze
 Gnaw pendent ; nor untrembling canst thou see,

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Hew from a seraggy Rock, whose Prominence
 Half overshades the Ocean, hardy Men,
 Fearless of rending Winds, and dashing Waves,
 Cut Sampire, to excite the squeamish Gult
 Of pamper'd Luxury. Then, let thy Ground
 Not lye unlabour'd; if the richest Stem
 Refuse to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant
 Somewhat, that may to Human Use redound,
 And Penury, the worst of Ills, remove?

There are, who, fond & studious of Increase,
 Rich Foreign Mold on their ill-natur'd Land
 Induce laborious, and with stinking Muck
 Besmear the Roots; in vain! the purpling Grove
 Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster Earth;
 But, when the alien Compost is exhaust,
 It's native Poverty again prevails.

Tho' this Art fails, despond not; little Pains,
 In a due Hour employ'd, great Profit yield.
 Th' Industrious, when the Sun in Leo rides,
 And darts his saltriest Beams, portending Drought,
 Forgets not at the Foot of every Plant
 To sink a circling Trench, and daily pour
 A just Supply of alimental Streams,
 Exhausted Sap recruiting; else, false Hopes
 He cherishes, nor will his Fruit expect
 Th' autumnal Season, but, in Summer's Pride,
 When other Orchards smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great Light of Heav'n, that in his Course
 Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
 Noxious to planted Fields, and often Men

Perceive his Influence dire; sweltring they run
 To Grotts, and Caves, and the cool Umbrage seek
 Of woven Arborets, and of the Rills.
 Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
 Thirst in extinguisbable : But if the Spring
 Preceding shou'd be destitute of Rain,
 Or Blast Septentrional with brushing Wings
 Sweep up the smoaky Mists, and Vapours damp,
 Then wo to Mortals ! *Tis*an then exerts
 His Heat intense, and on our Vitals preys ;
 Then Maladies of various Kinds, and Names
 Unknown, malignant Fevers, and that Foe
 To Bloming Beauty, which imprints the Face
 Of fairest Nymph, and checks our growing Love,
 Reign far and near ; grim Death in different Shapes,
 Depopulates the Nations, thousands fall
 His Victims, Youths, and Virgins, in their Flower,
 Reluctant die, and sighing leave their Loves
 Unfinish'd, by infectious Heav'n destroy'd.

Such Heats prevailed, when fair *Eliza*, last
 Of *Winchcomb's* Name (next Thee in Blood and Worth,
 O fairest *St. John* !) left this toilsome World
 In Beauty's Prime, and sadden'd all the Year :
 Nor cou'd her Virtues, nor repeated Vows
 Of thousand Lovers, the relentless Hand
 Of Death arrest ; She with the Vulgar sell,
 Only distinguish'd by this humble Verse.

But if it please the Sun's intemp'rate Force
 To know, attend. Whilst I of ancient Fame
 The Annals trace, and Image to thy Mind,

How our fore-fathers, (luckless Men!) ingulf'd
By the wide yawning Earth, to *Stygian* Shades
Went quick, in one sad Sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder Days, e'er yet the *Roman* Bands
Victorious, this our other World subdu'd,
A spacious City stood, with firmest Walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous Turrets crown'd,
Aerial Spires, and Citadels, the Seat
Of King's and Heroes resolute in War,
Fam'd *Ariconium* ; uncontroll'd, and free,
Till all subduing *Latian* Arms prevail'd.
Then also, tho' to Foreign Yoke submit, she
Undemolish'd stood, and even 'till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient *British* Art
A pleasing Monument, not less admir'd
Than what from *Assie*, or *Etruscan* Hands
Arose ; had not the Heav'nly Pow'rs averse
Decreed her final Doom : For now the Fields
Labour'd with Thirst, *Aquarius* had not shed
His wonted Show'rs, and *Sirius* parch'd with Heat
Solstitial the Green Herb : Hence 'gan relax
The Ground's Contexture, hence *Tartarean* Dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous Spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome Caves, by far
More dismal than the loud dislodged Roar
Of brazen Enginry, that ceaseless storm
The Bastion of a well-built City, deem'd
Impregnable : Th' infernal Winds, 'till now
Closely imprison'd, by *Titanian* Warmth,
Dilating, and with unctous Vapours fed,

Disdain'd

Disdain'd their narrow Cells ; and, their full Strength
 Collecting, from beneath the solid Mass
 Upheav'd, and all her Castles rooted deep
 Shook from their lowest Seat ; old *Vaga's* Stream,
 Forc'd by the sudden Shock, her wonted Track
 Foresook, and drew her humid Train aslope,
 Crankling her Banks : And now the low'ring Sky,
 And baleful Lightning, and the Thunder Voice
 Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
 The sinking Hearts of Men. Where shou'd they turn
 Distress'd ? Whence seek for Aid ? when from below
 Hell threatens, and even Fate supreme gives Signs
 Of Wrath and Desolation ? Vain were Vows,
 And Plaints, and suppliant Hands, to Heav'n erect !
 Yet some to Fanes repair'd, and humble Rites
 Performed to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled Gods,
 Who with their Vor'ries in one Ruin shar'd,
 Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantick Mood
 Run howling thro' the Streets, their hideous Yells
 Rend the dark Welkin ; Horror stalks around,
 Wild-staring, and, his sad Concomitant,
 Despair, with an abject Look : At ev'ry Gate
 The thronging Populace with hasty Strides
 Press furious, and too eager of Escape,
 Obstruct the easie Way ; the rocking Town
 Supplants their Footsteps ; to and fro, they reel
 Astonish'd, as o'er charg'd with Wine ; when lo !
 The Ground adust her riven Mouth disparts,
 Horrible Casm, profound ! with swift Descent
 Old *Arconium* sinks, and all her Tribes,

heroes, and Senators, down to the Realms
 endless Night. Mean while, the loosen'd Winds
 furiate, molten Rocks and flaming Globes
 hurl'd high above the Clouds ; 'till, all their Force
 consum'd, her rav'nous Jaws th' Earth satiate clos'd.
 Thus this fair City fell, of which the Name
 survives alone ; nor is there found a Mark,
 whereby the curious Passenger may learn
 the ample Site, save Coins, and mould'ring Urns,
 and huge unweildy Bones, lasting Remains
 of that Gigantic Race, which as he breaks
 the clotted Glebe, the Plowman haply finds,
 call'd. Upon that treacherous Tract of Land,
 whileome stood ; now *Ceres* in her Prime,
 is fertile, and, with ruddiest Freight bedeckt,
 the Apple-Tree, by our Fore-Fathers Blood
 prov'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
 and her distinn'd Labours to pursue.
 The Prudent will observe, what Passions reign
 in various Plants (for not to Man alone,
 all the wide Creation, Nature gave
 Love, and Aversion :) Everlasting Hate
 the Vine to Ivy bears, nor less abhors
 the *Colewort's* Rankness ; but with amorous Twine,
 is the tall *Elm* : The *Pastan Rose* unfolds
 her Bud, more lovely, near the fetid *Leek*,
 than of stout *Britons*,) and inhances thence
 the Price of her celestial Scent : The *Gourd*,
 the thirsty *Cucumber*, when they perceive
 the approaching *Olive*, with Resentment fly

Her

Her fatty Fibres, and with Tendrils creep
 Diverse, detesting Contract; whilst the Fig
 Contemns not *Rue*, nor *Sage's* humble Leaf,
 Close Neighbouring; The *Herefordian* Plant
 Caresses freely the contiguous *Peach*,
Hazel, and weight-resisting *Palm*, and likes
 T'approach the *Quince*, and th' *Elder's* pithy Stem;
 Uneasie, seated by funeral *Teugh*,
 Or *Walnut*, (whose malignant Touch impairs
 All generous Fruits,) or near the bitter Dews
 Of *Cherries*. Therefore, weigh the Habits well
 Of Plants, how they associate best, nor let
 Ill Neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful Graffs.

[froth

Wouldst thou, thy Vats with generous Juice shoul
 Respect thy Orchards; think not, that the Trees
 Spontaneous will produce an wholesome Draught.
 Let Art correct thy Breed: from Parent Bough
 A Cyon meetly severe; after, force
 A way into the Crabstock's close-wrought Grain
 By Wedges, and within the living Wound
 Enclose the Foster Twig; nor over-nice
 Refuse with thy own Hands around to spread
 The binding Clay: E're-long their differing Veins
 Unite, and kindly Nourishment convey
 To the new Pupil; now shoots his Arms
 With quickest Growth; now shake the teeming Trunk
 Down rain th' impurpl'd Balls, ambrosial Fruit.
 Whether the *Willow's* Fibres are contriv'd
 To draw th' Earth's purest Spirit, and resist

Feculence, which in more porous Stocks
Cyder-Plants finds Passage free, or else
 the native Verjuice of the *Crab*, deriv'd
 thro' th' infix'd Graff, a grateful Mixture forms
 tart and sweet ; whatever be the Cause,
 this doubtful Progeny by nicest Tastes
 expected best Acceptance finds, and pays
 largest Revenues to the Orchat-Lord.
 Some think, the *Quince* and *Apple* wou'd combine
 a happy Union ; Others fitter deem
 the *Sloe*-Stem bearing *Sylvan* Plumbs austere.
 Who knows but both may thrive ? Howe'er, what loss
 to try the Pow'rs of Both, and search how far
 two different Natures may concur to mix
 close Embraces, and strange Off-spring bear ?
 woult find that Plants will frequent Changes try,
 undamag'd, and their marriageable Arms
 enjoin with others. So *Silurian* Plants
 admit the *Peaches*' odoriferous Globe,
 and *Pears* of sundry Forms ; at diff'rent times
 grafted *Plums* will aliene Branches grace ;
 and Men have gather'd from the *Hartborn*'s Branch
 large *Medlars*, imitating Regal Crowns.
 Nor is it hard to beautifie each Month
 with Files of parti-colour'd Fruits, that please
 the Tongue, and View, at once. So *Maro*'s Muse,
 O sacred Muse ! commodious Precepts gives
 instructive to the Swains, not wholly bent
 on what is gainful : Sometimes she diverts
 from solid Counsels, shews the Force of Love

In savage Beasts ; how Virgin Face divine
 Attracts the Hapless Youth thro' Storms, and Waves
 Alone, in deep of Night : Then she describes
 The *Scythian* Winter, nor disdains to sing,
 How under Ground the rude *Riphean* Race
 Mimic brisk *Cyder* with the Brakes Product wild ;
 Sloes pounded, *Hips*, and *Servis*' harshest Juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the Arts
 Of Grafting and In-Eying ; when to lop
 The flowing Branches ; what Trees answer best
 From Root, or Kernel : She will best the Hours
 Of Harvest, and Seed-time declare ; by Her
 The diff'rent Qualities of things were found,
 And secret Motions ; how with heavy Bulk
 Volatile *Hermes*, flued and unmoist,
 Mounts on the Wings of Air ; to Her we owe
 The *Indian* Weed, unknown to ancient Times,
 Nature's choice Gift, whose acrimonious Fume
 Extracts superfluous Juices, and refines
 The Blood distemper'd from its noxious Salts ;
 Friend to the Spirits, which with Vapours bland
 It gently mitigates, Companion fit
 Of Pleasantry, and Wine ; nor to the Bards
 Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell
 Warble melodious their well-labour'd Songs.
 She found the polish'd Glass, whose small Convex
 Enlarges to ten Millions of Degrees
 The Mite, invisible else, of Nature's Hand
 Least Animal ; and shews, what Laws of Life
 The Cheese-Inhabitants observe, and how

abrick their Mansions in the harden'd Milk,
 wonderful Artists ! But the hidden Ways
 of Nature wouldst thou know ? how first she frames
 all things in Miniature ? thy Specular Orb
 apply to well-dissected Kernals ; lo !
 strange Forms arise, in each a little Plant
 unfolds its Boughs : observe the slender Threads
 of first-beginning Trees, their Roots, their Leaves,
 the narrow Seeds describ'd ; Thou'lt wond'ring say,
 an Inmate Orchard ev'ry Apple boasts.
 Thus All things by Experience are display'd,
 and Most improv'd. Then sedulously think
 to meliorate thy Stock ; no Way, or Rule
 to unassay'd ; prevent the Morning Star
 assiduous, nor with the Western Sun
 cease to work ; lo ! thoughtful of Thy Gain,
 not of my Own, I all the live-long Day
 consume in Meditation deep, recluse
 from human Converse, nor, at shut of Eve,
 enjoy Repose ; but oft at Midnight Lamp
 by my brain-racking Studies, if by chance
 thee I may counsel right ; and oft this Care
 disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine
 to labour for thy Self ? and rather chuse
 to lye supinely, hoping, Heav'n will bless
 thy slighted Fruits, and give thee Bread unearn'd ?
 'Twill profit, when the Stork, sworn-Foe of Snakes,
 returns, to shew Compassion to thy Plants,
 fatigu'd with Breeding. Let the arch'd Knife
 well sharpen'd now assail the spreading Shades

Of Vegetables, and their thirsty Limbs
 Dissere : for the genial Moisture, due
 To Apples, otherwise mispends it self
 In barren Twigs, and for th' expected Crop,
 Naught but vain Shoots, and empty Leaves abound.

When swelling Buds their od'rous Foliage shed,
 And gently harden into Fruit the Wise
 Spare not the little Off-springs, if they grow
 Redundant : but the thronging Clusters thin
 By kind Avulsion : else, the starv'ling Brood,
 Void of sufficient Sustenance, will yield
 A slender Autumn ; which the niggard Soul
 To late shall weep, and curse his thrifty Hand,
 That would not timely ease the pond'rous Boughs.

It much conduces, all the Cares to know
 Of Gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal Thieves,
 And how the little Race of Birds, that hop
 From Spray to Spray, scooping the costliest Fruit
 Insatiate, undisturb'd. *Priapus's* Form
 Avails but little ; rather guard each Row
 With the false Terrors of a breathless Kite.
 This done, the rimerous Flock with swiftest Wing
 Scud thro' the Air ; their Fancy represents
 His mortal Talons, and his rav'nous Beak
 Destructive ; glad to shun his hostile Gripe,
 They quit their Thefts, and unfrequent the Fields.

Besides, the filthy Swine will oft invade
 Thy firm Inclosure, and with delving Snout
 The rooted Forest undermine : forthwith
 Allooose thy furious Mastiff, bid him vex

the noxious Herd, and print upon their Ears
 a sad Memorial of their past Offence.

The flagrant *Procyon* will not fail to bring
 large Shoals of slow House-bearing Snails, that creep
 o'er the ripe Fruitage, paring sliming Tracts
 on the sleek Rinds, and unprest *Cyder* drink.
 No Art averts this Pest ; on Thee it lyes,
 With Morning and with Evening Hand to rid
 the preying Reptiles ; nor, if wise, wilt thou
 decline this Labour, which it self rewards
 With pleasing Gain, whilst the warm Limbac draws
 lubrious Waters from the nocent Brood.
 Myriads of Wasps now also clustring hang,
 and drain a spurious Honey from the Groves,
 their Winter Food ; tho' oft repulst, again
 they rally, undismay'd : but Fraud with ease
 ensnares the noisom Swarms ; let ev'ry Bough
 bear frequent Vials, pregnant with the Dregs
 of *Moyle*, or *Mum*, or *Treacle's* viscous Juice ;
 they, by th'alluring Oder drawn, in haste
 fly to the dulcet Cares, and crouding sip
 their palatable Bane ; joyful thou'lt see
 the clammy Surface all o'er-strown with Tribes
 of greedy Insects, that with fruitless Toil
 up slimy Pinions oft, to extricate
 their Feet, in liquid Shackles bound, 'till Death
 reave them of their worthless Souls : Such doom
 awaits Luxury, and lawless Love of Gain !
 Howe'er thou mayst forbid external Force,
 these Evils will prevail ; damp Airs,

And rainy Winters, to the Centre pierce
 Of firmest Fruits, and by unseen Decay
 The proper Relish vitiate : then the Grub
 Of unobserv'd invades the vital Core,
 Pernicious Tenant, and her secret Cave
 Enlarges hourly, preying on the Pulp
 Ceaseless ; mean while the Apple's outward Form
 Delectable the witless Swain beguiles,
 'Till, with a writhen Mouth, and spattering Noise,
 He tastes the bitter Morsel, and rejects
 Disrelisht ; not with less Surprise, then when
 Embattled Troops with flowing Banners pass
 Thro' flow'ry Mead delighted, nor distrust
 The smiling Surface ; whilst the cavern'd Ground,
 With Grain incentive stor'd, by sudden Blaze
 Bursts fatal, and involves the Hopes of War
 In fiery Whirls ; full of victorious Thoughts,
 Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine Eye to view *Alcinou's* Groves,
 The Pride of the *Paacian* Isle, from whence,
 Sailing the Spaces of the boundless Deep,
 To *Ariconium* pretious Fruits arriv'd :
 The *Pippin* burnisht o'er with Gold, the *Moile*
 Of sweetest hony'd Taste, the fair *Permain*,
 Temper'd, like comliest Nymph, with red and white.
Salopian Acres flourish with a Growth
 Peculiar, styl'd the *Ostley* : Be thou first
 This Apple to transplant ; if to the Name
 It's Merit answers, no where shalt thou find
 A Wine more priz'd, or laudable of Taste.

or does the *Eliot* least deserve they Care,
 or *John-Apple*, whose wither'd Rind, entrenched
 with many a Furrow, aptly represents
 decrepid Age ; nor that from *Harvey* nam'd
 sick-relishing : Why should we sing the *Thrift*,
elling, or *Pomroy*, or of pimpled Coat
 the *Russet*, or the *Cats-Head's* weighty Orb,
 enormous in its Growth ; for various Use
 tho' these are meet tho' after full repast
 oft requir'd, and crown the rich Desert ?
 What, tho' the *Pear-Tree* rival not the Worth,
Ariconian Products ? yet her Freight
 not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching Arms
 oft screen thy Mansion from the fervent Dog
 averse to Life ; the wintry Hurricanes
 vain employ their Roar, her Trunc unmov'd
 checks the strong Onset, and controls their Rage,
 chiefly the *Bosbury*, whose large Increase,
 annual, in sumptuous Banquets claims Applause.
 price acceptable Bev'rage ! could but Art
 obdue the floating Lee, *Pomona's* self
 could dread thy Praise, and shun the dubious Strife,
 fit thy Choice, when Summer-Heats annoy,
 to sit Beneath her leafy Canopy,
 sipping rich Liquids : Oh ! how sweet t'enjoy,
 once her Fruits, and hospitable Shade !
 But how with equal Number shall we match
 the *Musk's* surpassing Worth ! that earliest gives
 the hopes of racy Wine, and in its Youth,
 tender Nonage, loads the spreading Boughs

With

With large and juicy Off-spring, that defies
 The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderal Blasts !
 Yet let her to the *Red-streak* yield, that once
 Was of the *Sylvan* Kind, unciviliz'd,
 Of no Regard, 'till *Scudamore's* skilful Hand
 Improv'd her, and by courtly Discipline
 Taught her the savage Nature to forget :
 Hence styl'd the *Scudamorean* Plant ; whose Wine
 Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful Heart
 Respect that ancient loyal House, and wish
 The Noble Peer, that now transcends our Hopes
 In early Worth, his Country's justest Pride,
 Uninterrupted Joy, and Health entire.

Let every Tree in every Garden own
 The *Red-streak* as supream ; whose pulposus Fruit
 With Gold irradiate, and Vermilian shines
 Tempting, not fatal, as the Birth of that
 Primæval interdicted Plant, that won
 Fond *Eve* in hapless Hour to taste, and die.
 This, of more bounteous Influence, inspires
 Poetic Raptures, and the lowly Muse
 Kindles to loftier Strains ; even I perceive
 Her sacred Virtue. See ! the Numbers flow
 Easie, whilst, chear'd with her nectareous Juice,
 Hers, and my Country's Praises I exalt,
 Hail *Herefordian* Plant, that dost disdain
 All other Fields ! Heav'n's sweetest Blessing, hail !
 Be thou the copious Matter of my Song,
 And thy choice *Nectar* ; on which always waits
 Laughter, and Sport, and Care-beguiling Wit,

and Friendship, chief Delight of Human Life.
 What shou'd we wish for more? or why, in quest
 of Foreign Vintage, insincere, and mixt,
 traverse th' extreamest World? Why tempt the Rage
 of the rough Ocean? when our native Glebe
 spouts, from bounteous Womb, annual Recruits
 of Wine delectable, that far surmounts
 Italian, or *Latin* Grapes, or those that see
 the setting Sun near *Calpe's* tow'ring Height.
 Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbian* Vines
 vaunt their rich Must, nor let *Tokay* contend
 for Sov'ranry; *Phanaus* self must bow
 to th' *Ariconian* Vales: And shall we doubt
 to improve our vegetable Wealth; or let
 the Soil lye idle, which, with fit Manure,
 will largest Usury repay, alone
 pow'rd to supply what Nature asks
 frugal, or what nice Appetite requires?
 See Meadows here, with bat'ning Ooze enrich'd,
 give Spirit to the Grass; three Cubits high
 the jointed Herbage shoots; th'unfollow'd Glebe
 early o'ercomes the Granaries with Store
 of Golden *Wheat*, the Strength of Human Life.
 On auxiliary Poles, the *Hops*
 ascending spiral, rang'd in meet Array!
 How the Arable with *Barley-Grain*
 stands thick, o'er-shadow'd, to the thirsty Hind
 transporting Prospect! These, as modern Use
 ordains, infus'd, an Auburn Drink compose,
 wholesome, of deathless Fame. Here, to the Sight,
 Apples

Apples of Price, and Plenteous Sheaves of Corn,
 Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
 Fitting congenial Juice ; so rich the Soil,
 So much does fructuous Moisture o'er-abound ?
 Nor are the Hills unamiable, whose Tops
 To Heav'n aspire, affording Prospect sweet
 To Human Ken ; nor at their Feet the Vales
 Descending gently, where the lowing Herd
 Chews verd'rous Pasture ; nor the yellow Fields
 Gaily enterchang'd, with rich Variety
 Pleasing as when an *Emerald* green, enchas'd
 In Flamy Gold, from the bright Mass acquires
 A nobler Hue, more delicate to Sight.
 Next add the *Sylvan* Shades, and silent Groves,
 (Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the Hearth is fed
 With copious Fuel ; whence the sturdy Oak,
 A Prince's Refuge once, th'Eternal Guard
 Of *England's* Throne, by sweating Peasants sell'd.
 Stems the vast Main, and bears tremendous War
 To distant Nations, or with Sov'rain Sway
 Awa's the divided World to Peace and Love.
 Why shou'd the *Chalybes*, or *Bilboa* boast
 Their harden'd Iron ; when our Mines produce
 As perfect Martial Ore ? Can *Tmolus'* Head
 Vie with our Saffron Odours ? Or the *Fleece*
Batic, or finest *Tarentine*, compare
 With *Lemster's* filken Wooll ? Where shall we find
 Men more undaunted, for their Country's Weal
 More prodigal of Life ? In ancient Days,
 The *Roman* Legions, and great *Cesar* found

ur Fathers no mean Foes : And *Cressy* Plains,
 and *Agincourt*, deep ting'd with Blood, confess
 That the *Silures* Vigour unwithstood
 wou'd do in rigid Fight : and chiefly what
 Judges' wide waisting Hand, first Garter'd Knight,
 illustrious Author of great *Chandois*' Stemm,
 gh *Chandois*, that transmits Paternal Worth,
 ndence, and ancient Prowess, and Renown,
 his Noble Off-spring. O thrice happy Peer !
 at, blest with hoary Vigour, view'st Thy self
 sh blooming in thy Generous Son ; whose Lips,
 owing with nervous Eloquence exact,
 arm the wise Senate, and Attention win
 deepest Councils : *Ariconium* pleas'd,
 mas her chosen Worthy, first salutes.
 mon th' *Iberian*, on the *Gallick* Shore,
 m hardy *Britons* blest ; His faithful Hand
 eveys new Courage from afar, nor more
 e General's Conduct, than His Care avails.
 Thee also, Glorious Branch of *Cecil's* Line,
 is Country claims ; with Pride and Joy to Thee
 y *Alsterennis* calls : yet she endures
 ient Thy Absence, since Thy Prudent Choice
 ix'd Thee in the Muse's fairest Seat,
 ere *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endless Store
 niversal Knowledge still supplies
 noble Care ; He generous Thoughts instills
 rue Nobility, their Country's Love,
 iest End of Life) and forms their ductile Minds
 Human Virtues : By His Genius led,

Thom

Thou soon in every Art preeminent
Shalt grace this Isle, and rise to *Burleigh's* Fame.

Hail High-born Peer! And Thou, great Nurse of Art
And Men, from whence conspicuous Patriots spring,
Hammer, and *Bromley*; Thou, to whom with due
Respect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred Off-spring; be for ever blest
With like Examples, and to future Times
Proficuous, such a Race of Men produce,
As, in the Cause of Virtue firm, may fix
Her Throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this Vow
From One, the meanest in her numerous Train;
Tho' meanest, not least studious of her Praise.

Muse, raise thy Voice to *Beaufort's* spotless Fame,
To *Beaufort*, in a long Descent deriv'd
From Royal Ancestry, of Kingly Rights
Faithful Asserters: In him centring meet
Their glorious Virtues, high Desert from Pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken Honour, and Contempt
Of strong Allurements. O Illustrious Prince!
O Thou of ancient Faith! Exulting Thee,
In her fair List this happy Land inrolls.

Who can refuse a Tributary Verse
To *Weymouth*, firmest Friend of slighted Worth
In evil Days? whose hospitable Gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous Train
Of daily Guests; whose Board, with Plenty crown'd,
Revives the Feast-rites old: Mean while His Care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In Acts of secret Goodness, shuns the Praise,

Tha

hat sure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord,
 to blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine;
 and with thy Name to dignifie my Song.
 But who is He, that on the winding Stream
Vaga first drew vital Breath, and now
 approv'd in *Anna's* secret Council sits,
 weighing the Sum of Things, with wise Forecast
 solicitous of Publick Good? How large
 is Mind, that comprehends what-e'er was known
 to Old, or Present Time; yet not elate,
 or conscious of its Skill? What Praise deserves
 a liberal Hand, that gathers but to give,
 preventing Suit? O not unthankful Muse,
 in lowly reverence, that first design'd to hear
 thy Pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious Tongues,
 acknowledge thy own *Hayley*, and his Name
 scribe on ev'ry Bark; the wounded Plants
 will fast increase, faster thy just Respect.
 Such are our Heroes, by their Virtues known,
 Skill in Peace, and War: Of softer Mold
 the Female Sex, with sweet attractive Airs
 beguile obdurate Hearts. The Travellers oft,
 at view their matchless Forms with transient Glance
 catch suddain Love, and sigh for Nymphs unknown,
 charmed with the Magic of their Eyes: nor hath
 the Dædal Hand of Nature only pour'd
 her Gifts of outward Grace; their Innocence
 assign'd, and Virtue most engaging, free
 from Pride, or Artifice, long Joys afford
 in th' honest Nuptial Bed, and in the Want

Of Life, rebate the Miseries of Age,
 And is there found a Wretch, so base of Mind,
 That Woman's pow'rful Beauty dares condemn,
 Exactest Work of Heav'n? He ill deserves
 Or Love, or Pity; Friendless let him see
 Uneasie, tedious Days, despis'd, forlorn,
 As Stain of Human Race: But may the Man,
 That chearfully recounts the Females Praise
 Find equal Love, and Love's untainted Sweets
 Enjoy with Honour. O, ye Gods! might I
 Elect my Fate, my happiest Choice should be
 A fair and modest Virgin, that invites
 With Aspect chaste, forbidding loose Desire,
 Tenderly smiling; in whose Heav'nly Eye
 Sits purest Love enthron'd: But if the Stars
 Malignant, these my better Hopes oppose,
 May I, at least, the sacred Pleasures know
 Of strictest Amity; nor ever want
 A Friend, with whom I mutually may share
 Gladness, and Anguish, by kind Intercourse
 Of Speech, and Offices. May in my Mind,
 Indelible a grateful Sense remain
 Of Favours undeserv'd!— O Thou! from whom
 Gladly both Rich, and Low seek Aid; most Wise
 Interpreter of Right, whose gracious Voice
 Breaths Equity, and curbs to rigid Law
 With mild, impartial Reason; what Returns
 Of Thanks are due to Thy Beneficence
 Freely vouchsaf'd, when to the Gates of Death
 I tended prone? if thy indulgent Care

had not preven'd, among unbody'd Shades
 now had wander'd ; and these empty Thoughts
 of Apples perish'd : But uprais'd by Thee,
 tune my Pipe afresh, each Night, and Day
 thy unexempl'd Goodness to extoll
 desirous ; but nor Night, nor Day suffice
 for that great Task ; the highly Honour'd Name
 of *Trevor* must employ my willing Thoughts
 incessant, dwell for ever on my Tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
 the fawning Cringe, and false dissembling Look,
 and servile Flattery, that harbours oft
 in Courts, and gilded Roofs. Some loose the Bands
 of ancient Friendship, cancel Nature's Laws
 for Pageantry, and tawdry Gugaws. Some
 renounce their Sires, oppose paternal Right
 for Rule, and Power ; and other's Realms invade,
 With specious Shews of Love. This traiterous Wretch
 betrays his Sov'ran. Others, destitute
 of real Zeal, to ev'ry Altar bend,
 by Lucre sway'd, and act the basest Things
 to be styl'd Honourable : Th' Honest Man,
 simple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want
 to ill-got Wealth ; rather from Door to Door
 a jocund Pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,
 than break his plighted Faith ; nor Fear, nor Hope,
 will shock his stedfast Soul ; rather debar'd
 each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes
 of meanest Gain, of present Goods despoil'd,
 he'll bear the Marks of Infamy, contemn'd,

Unpitied ; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,
 Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.
 If no Retinue with observant Eyes
 Attend him, if he can't with Purple stain
 Of cumbrous Vestments, labour'd o'er with Gold,
 Dazzle the Croud, and set them all agape ;
 Yet clad in homely Weeds, from Envy's Darts
 Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs
 Of Conscience, nor with Spectre's grisly Forms,
Demons, and injur'd Souls, at Close of Day
 Annoy'd, sad interrupted Slumbers finds.
 But as a (Child, whose inexperienc'd Age
 Nor evil Purpose fears nor knows,) enjoys
 Night's sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere,
 When Chaunticleer, with Clarion shrill, recalls
 The tardy Day he to his Labours hies
 Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
 Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
 Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
 Fossils, and Minerals, that embowell'd Earth
 Displays, if by his Industry he can
 Benefit Human Race : Or else his Thoughts
 Are exercis'd with Speculations deep
 Of Good, and Just, and Meet, and the wholesome Rules
 Of Temperance, and aught that may improve
 The moral Life ; nor sedulous to rail,
 Nor with envenom'd Tongue to blast the Fame
 Of harmless Men, or secret Whispers spread,
 'Mong faithful Friends, to breed Distrust, and Hate.
 Sordious of Virtue, he no Life observes

Excep

Except his own, his own employs his Cares,
 Large Subject ! that he labour to refine
 Daily, nor of his little Stock denies
 Fit Alms to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.
 Thus sacred *Virgil* liv'd, from courtly Vice,
 And Baits of pompous *Rome* secure ; at Court
 Still thoughtful of the rural honest Life,
 And how t'improve his Grounds, and how himself.
 Best Poet ! fit Exemplar for the Tribe
 Of *Phabus*, nor less fit *Maonides*.
 Poor eyeless Pilgrim ! and if after these,
 After these another I may name,
 Thus tender *Spencer* liv'd, with mean Repast
 Content, depress'd by Penury, and Pine
 In Foreign Realm : Yet not debas'd his Verse
 By Fortunes Frown. And had that other Bard,
 He, had but He that first ennobled Song
 With holy Raptures, like his *Abdiel* been,
 Among many faithless strictly faithful found ;
 Impity'd, he should not have wail'd his Orbs,
 That roll'd in vain to find the piercing Ray,
 And found no Dawn, by dim Suffusion veil'd !
 At He---However, let the Muse abstain,
 Nor blast his Fame, from whom she learnt to sing
 So much inferior Strains, grov'ling beneath
 Of *Olympian* Hill, on Plains, and Vales intent,
 Mean Follower. There let her rest a-while,
 As'd with the fragrant Walks, and cool Retreat.

CYDER.

BOOK II.

O *Harcourt*, Whom th' ingenuous Love of Arts
 Has carry'd from Thy native Soil, beyond
 Th' eternal *Alpine* Snows, and now detains
 In *Italy's* waste Realms, how long must we
 Lament Thy Absence? Whilst in sweet Sojourn
 Thou view'st the Reliques of old *Rome*; or what
 Unrival'd Authors by their Presence, made
 For ever venerable, rural Seats,
Tyber, and *Tusculum*, or *Virgil's* Urn
 Green with immortal Bays, which haply Thou,
 Respecting his great Name, dost now approach
 With bended Knee, and strow with purple Flow'rs;
 Unmindful of Thy Friends, that ill can brook
 This long Delay. At length, Dear Youth, return,
 Of Wit, and Judgment ripe in blooming Years,
 And *Britain's* Isle with *Latian* Knowledge grace.
 Return, and let Thy Father's Worth excite
 Thirst of Pre-eminence; see! how the Cause
 Of Widows, and of Orphans He asserts
 With winning Rhetoric, and well argu'd Law!
 Mark well His Footsteps, and, like Him, deserve
 Thy Prince's Favour, and Thy Country's Love.

Mean while (altho' the *Maffie* Grape delights
 regnant of racy Juice, and *Formian* Hills
 Temper Thy Cups, yet) wilt not Thou reject
 thy native Liquors : Lo ! for Thee my Mill
 Now grinds choice Apples, and the *British* Vats
 Overflow with generous Cyder ; far remote
 Accept this Labour, nor despise the Muse,
 That, passing Lands, and Seas, on Thee attends.
 Thus far of Trees : The pleasing Task remains,
 To sing of Wines, and Autumn's blest Increase.
 Th' Effects of Art are shewn, yet what avails
 Gainst Heav'n ? Oft, notwithstanding all thy Care
 To help thy Plants, when the small Fruit'ry seems
 Exempt from Ills, an oriental Blast
 Disastrous flies, soon as the Hind, fatigu'd,
 Unyokes his Team ; the tender Freight, unskill'd
 To bear the hot Disease, distemper'd pines
 In the Year's Prime, the deadly Plague annoys
 The wide Inclosure ; think not vainly now
 To treat thy Neighbours with mellifluous Cups,
 Thus disappointed : If the former Years
 Exhibit no Supplies, alas ! thou must,
 With tasteless Water wash thy Droughty Throat !

A thousand Accidents the Farmer's Hopes
 Subvert, or cheque ; uncertain all is Toil,
 Till lusty Autumn's luke-warm Days, allay'd
 With gentle Colds, insensibly confirm
 His ripening Labours : Autumn to the Fruits
 Earth's various Lap produces, Vigour gives
 Equal, intenerating milky Grain,

Berries, and Sky-dy'd Plums, and what in Coat
 Rough, or soft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell ;
 Fat *Olives*, and *Pistacio's* fragrant Nut,
 And the *Pine's* tastful Apple : Autumn paints
Ausonian Hills with Grapes, whilst *English* Plains
 Blush with pomaceous Harvests, breathing Sweets.
 O let me now, when the kind early Dew
 Unlocks the embosom'd Odors, walk among
 The well rang'd Files of Trees, whose full-ag'd Store
 Diffuse *Ambrosial* Steams, than *Myrrh*, or *Nard*
 More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry *Beane* :
 Soft whisp'ring Airs, and the Larks merrin Song
 Then woo to musing, and becalm the Mind
 Perplex'd with irksome Thoughts. Thrice happy time
 Best Portion of the various Year, in which
 Nature rejoyceth, smiling on her Works
 Lovely, to full Perfection wrought ! but ah,
 Short are our Joys, and neighb'ring Grief disturb
 Our pleasant Hours. Inclement Winter dwells
 Contiguous ; forthwith frosty Blasts deface
 The blithsome Year : Trees of their shrivel'd Fruits
 Are widow'd, dreery Storms o'er all prevail.
 Now, now's the time ; e'er hasty Sun's forbid
 To work, disburthen thou thy sapless Wood
 Of its rich Progeny ; the turgid Fruit
 Abounds with mellow Liquor ; now exhort
 Thy Hinds to exercise the pointed Steel
 On the hard Rock, and give a wheely Form
 To the expected Grinder : Now prepare
 Materials for thy Mill, a sturdy Post

cylindric, to support the Grinder's Weight
 excessive, and a flexile Sallow entrench'd,
 bounding, capacious of the juicy Hord.
 Nor must thou not be mindful of thy Press
 long e'er the Vintage; but with timely Care
 have the Goats shaggy Beard, least thou too late,
 in vain shoud'st seek a Strainer, to dispart
 the husky, terrene Dregs, from purer Must.
 Be cautious next a proper Steed to find,
 whose Prime is past; the vigorous Horse disdains
 such servile Labours, or if forc'd, forgets
 his past Atchievements, and victorious Palms.
 Kind Bayard rather, worn with Work, and Years,
 shall roll th' unweildy Stone; with sober Pace
 he'll tread the circling Path 'till dewy Eve,
 from early Day-spring, pleas'd to find his Age
 declining, unuseful to his Lord.
 Some, when the Press, by utmost Vigour screw'd,
 has drain'd the pulpos Mass, regale the Swine
 with the dry Refuse; thou more wise shalt steep
 thy Husks in Water, and again employ
 the pondrous Engine. Water will imbibe
 the small Remains of Spirit, and acquire
 a vinous Flavour; this the Peasants blith
 will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling Team
 they drive and sing of *Fusca's* radiant Eyes,
 pleas'd with the medly Draught. Nor shalt thou now
 reject the *Apple-Cheese*, tho' quite exhaust;
 'twill now 'twill cherish, and improve the Roots
 of sticky Plants; new Vigour hence convey'd

Will yield an Harvest of unusual Growth.
Such Profit spring from Musk discreetly us'd!

The tender Apples, from their Parents rent
By stormy Shocks, must not neglected lye,
The Prey of Worms: A frugal Man I knew
Rich in one barren Acre, which subdu'd
By endless Culture, with sufficient Must
His Casks replenish yearly: He no more
Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various Seasons, and by Skill repell
Invading Pests, successful in his Cares,
'Till the damp *Lybian* Wind, with Tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cyder-Grove: O'er-turn'd by furious blasts,
The flighty Ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their Fruitage scatter'd, from the genial Boughs
Strip immature: Yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his Stars; but prudent, his fall'n Heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid Wreaths
Of tedded Grass, and the Sun's mellowing Beams
Rival'd with artful Heats, and thence procur'd
A costly Liquor, by improving Time
Equal'd with what, the happiest Vintage bears.

But this I warn Thee, and shall always warn
No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some
With watry Turneps have debas'd their Wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude Humors dance
In heated Brass, steaming with Fire intense;
Altho' *Devonia* much commends the Use
Of strengthening *Vulcan*; with their native Strength

by Wines sufficient, other Aid refuse;
 and, when th'allotted Orb of Time's compleat,
 is more commended than the labour'd Drinks.
 Nor let thy Avarice tempt thee to withdraw
 the Priest's appointed Share; with cheerful Heart
 the tenth of thy Increase bestow and own
 heav'n's bounteous Goodness, that will sure repay
 thy grateful Duty: This neglected fear
 of Avengeance, such as over-took
 the Miser, that unjustly once with-held
 the Clergy's Due; relying on himself,
 his Fields he tended with successful Care,
 early, and late, when, or unwith't-for Rain
 descended, or unseasonable Frosts
 curb'd his increasing Hopes, or when around
 the Clouds dropt Fatness, in the middle Sky
 the Dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
 the execrable Glebe; recording this,
 just, and Wise, and tremble to transgress.
 Learn now, the Promise of the coming Year
 to know, that by no flattering Signs abus'd,
 thou wisely may'st provide: The various Moon
 prophetic, and attendant Stars explain
 the rising Dawn; e'er Icy Crusts surmount
 the current Stream, the heav'nly Orbs serene
 winkle with trembling Rays, and Cynthia glows
 with Light unsully'd: Now the Fowler, warn'd
 by these good Omens, with swift early Steps
 treads the crimp Earth, ranging thro' Fields and Glades
 to the Birds, sulphureous Death

Cheques

Cheques their mid Flight, and heedless while they stray
 Their Tuneful Throats, the tow'ring, heavy Lead
 O'er-takes their Speed ; they leave their little Lives
 Above the Clouds, præcipitant to Earth.

The Woodcocks early Visit, and Abode
 Of long Continuance in our temperate Clime,
 Foretell a liberal Harvest : He of Times
 Intelligent, th' harsh *Hyperborean* Ice
 Shuns for our equal Winters ; when our Suns
 Cleave the chill'd Soil, he backward wings his Way
 To *Scandinavian* frozen Summers, meet
 For his num'd Blood. But nothing profits more
 Than frequent Snows : O, may'st Thou often see
 Thy Furrows whiten'd by the woolly Rain,
 Nutricious ! Secret Nitre lurks within
 The porous Wer, quick'ning the languid Glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent Vows implore
 A moderate Wind ; the Orchat loves to wave
 With Winter-Winds, before the Gems exert
 Their feeble Heads ; the loosen'd Roots then drink
 Large Increment, Earnest of happy Years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
 The monthly Stars, their pow'rful Influence
 O'er planted Fields, what Vegetables reign
 Under each Sign. On our Account has *Jove*
 Indulgent, to all Moons some succulent Plant
 Allotted, that poor, helpless Man might slack
 His present Thirst, and Matter find for Toil.
 Now will the *Corinths*, now the *Rasps* supply
 Delicious Draughts ; the *Quinces* now, or *Plums*,

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Or *Cherries*, or the fair *Thisbeian* Fruit
 Are prest to Wines ; the *Britons* squeeze the Works
 Of sedulous Bees, and mixing od'rous Herbs
 Prepare balsamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs
 Medicinal, and short breath'd ancient Sires.

But, if Thou'rt indefatigably bent
 To toil, and omnifarious Drinks wou'dst brew ;
 Besides the Orchard every Hedge and Bush
 Affords Assistance ; ev'n afflicted *Birch*,
 Curs'd by unletter'd, idle Youth, distills
 A limpid Current from her wounded Bark,
 Profuse of nursing Sap. When Solar Beams
 Parch thirsty human Veins, the damask'd Meads,
 Unforc'd display ten thousand painted Flow'rs
 Useful in Potables. Thy little Sons
 Permit to range the Pastures ; gladly they
 Will mow the *Cowslip*-Posies, faintly sweet,
 From whence thou artificial Wines shalt drain
 Of icy Taste, that in mid Fervors, best
 Quack craving Thirst, and mitigate the Day.

Happy *Irene*, whose most wholesome Air
 Poisons envenom'd Spiders, and forbids
 The baleful Toad and Viper from her Shore !
 More happy in her Balmy Draughts, (enrich'd
 With Miscellaneous Spices, and the Root
 For Thirst-abating Sweetness prais'd,) which wide
 Extend her Fame, and to each drooping Heart
 Present Redress, and lively Health convey.
 See, how the *Belga*, Sedulous, and Stout,
 With Bowls of fat'ning *Mum*, or blissful Cups

Of Kernell-relish'd Fluids, the fair Star
 Of early *phosphorus* salute at Noon
 Jocund with frequent-rising Fumes ! by Use
 Instructed, thus to quell their Native Flegm
 Prevailing, and engender wayward Mirth.

What need to treat of distant Climes, remov'd
 Far from the sloping Journey of the Year,
 Beyond *Persora*, and *Islandic* Coasts ?
 Where ever-during Snows perpetual Shades
 Of Darkness, would congeal their livid Blood,
 Did not the *Arctic* Tract spontaneous yield
 A cheering purple Berry, big with Wine,
 Intensely fervent, which each Hour the crave,
 Spread round a flaming Pile of Pines, and oft
 They interlard their native Drinks with choice
 Of strongest *Brandy*, yet scarce with these Aids
 Enabl'd to prevent the suddain Rot
 Of freezing Nose, and quick-decaying Feet.

Nor less the Sable Borderers of *Nile*,
 Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor They,
 Whom sunny *Borneo* bears, are stor'd with Streams
 Egregious, *Rum*, and *Rice's* Spirit extract.
 For here, expos'd to perpendicular Rays,
 In vain they covet Shades, and *Thrascias* Gales,
 Pining with *Aequinoctial* Heat, unless
 The Cordial Glass perpetual Motion keep,
 Quick circuiting ; nor dare they close their Eyes,
 Void of a bulky Charger near their Lips,
 With which, in often-interrupted Sleep,
 Their frying Blood compells to irrigate

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Their dry-furr'd Tongues, else minutely to Death
Obnoxious, dismal Death, th'Effect of Drought !

More happy they, born in *Columbus*' World,
Carybbs, and they, whom the *Cotton* Plant
With downy-sprouting Vests arrays ! Their Woods
Bow with prodigious Nuts, that give at once
Celestial Food, and Nectar ; then, at hand
The *Lemmon*, uncorrupt with Voyage long,
To vinous Spirits added (heav'nly Drink !)
They with Pneumatic Engine, ceaseless draw,
Intent on Laughter ; a continual Tide
flows from th'exhilarating Fount. As, when
Against a secret Cliff, with suddain Shock
A Ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the Sea,
Th' astonish'd Mariners ay ply the Pump,
No Stay, nor Rest, 'till the wide Breach is clos'd.
So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move
The draining Sucker, then alone concern'd,
When the dry Bowl forbids their pleasing Work.

But if to hording Thou art bent, thy Hopes
Are frustrate, shou'dst Thou think thy Pipes will flow
With early-limpid Wine. The horded Store,
And the harsh Draught, must twice endure the Sun's
Kind strengthening Heat, twice Winter's purging Cold.

There are, that a compounded Fluid drain
From different Mixtures, *Woodcock*, *Pippin*, *Moyle*,
Rough *Eliot*, sweet *Permain*, the blended Streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable Medly, of what Taste
Hardly distinguish'd ; as the show'ry Arch,

With lifted Colours gay, Or, *Azure*, *Gules*,
Delights, and puzzles the Beholder's Eye,
That views the watry Brede, with thousand Shews
Of Painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
Or where one Colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by Art, or Age unlearn'd
Their genuine Relish, and of sundry Vines
Assum'd the Flavour; one sort counterfeits
The *Spanish* Product, this, to *Gauls* has seem'd
The sparkling *Nectar* of *Champaigne*; with that,
A *German* oft has swill'd his Throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that Imperial *Rbine* bestow'd
The Generous Rummer, whilst the Owner pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his Guests, thus entertain'd
With Foreign Vintage from his Cyder-Cask.

Soon as thy Liquor from the narrow Cells
Of close-press'd Husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty Soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholsome, undigested Cades;
The hoary Frosts, and Northern Blasts take care
Thy muddy Bev'rage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy Lees.

And now thy Wine's transpicious, purg'd from all
It's earthly Gross, yet let it feed a while
On ~~the~~ fat Refuse, least too soon disjoin'd
From spritely, it, to sharp, or vappid change.
When to convenient Vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen Tube
Inflex; self-taught, and voluntary flies
The defecated Liquor, thro' the Vent

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Ascending, then by downward Traſt convey'd,
Spouts into ſubject Veſſels, lovely clear.

As when a Noon-tide Sun, with Summer Beams,
Darts thro' a Cloud, her watry Skirts are edg'd
With lucid Amber, or undroſſy Gold :
So, and ſo richly, the purg'd Liquid ſhines.

Now alſo, when the Colds abate, not yet
Full Summer ſhines, a dubious 'Season, cloſe
In Glaſs thy purer Streams, and let them gain,
From due Confinement, Spirit, and Flavour new.

For this Intent, the ſubtle Chymiſt feeds
Perpetual Flames, whoſe unrefiſted Force
O'er Sand, and Aſhes, and the ſtubborn Flint
Prevailing, turns into a ſuſil Sea,
That in his Furnace bubbles ſunny-red :
From hence a glowing Drop with hollow'd Steel
He takes, and by one efficacious Breath
Dilates to a ſurprizing Cube, or Sphere,
Or Oval, and fit Receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plaſtick Lungs,
To human Life ſubſervient ; by his Means
Cyders in Metal frail improve ; the *Moyle*,
And taſtful *Pippin*, in a Moon's ſhort Year,
Acquire compleat Perfection : Now they ſmoke
Transparent, ſparkling in each Drop, Delight
Of curious Palate, by fair Virgins crav'd.
But harſher Fluids different lengths of time
Expect : Thy Flaſk will ſlowly mitigate
The *Eliot's* Roughneſs. *Stirom*, firmeſt Fruit,
Embottled (long as *Priameian* Troy

Withstood the *Greeks*) endures, e'er justly mild.
 Soften'd by Age, it youthful Vigor gains,
 Fallacious Drink! Ye honest Men beware,
 Nor trust its Smoothness; The third circling Glass
 Suffices Virtue: But may Hypocrites,
 (That slyly speak one thing, another think;
 Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the Relish weak,
 Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by enchanting Cups
 Infatuate, they their wily Thoughts disclose,
 And thro' Intemperance grow a while sincere.

The Farmer's Toil is done; his Cades mature,
 Now call for Vent, his Lands exhaust permit
 T'indulge awhile. Now solemn Rites he pays
 To *Bacchus*, Author of Heart-cheering Mirth.
 His honest Friends, at thirsty hour of Dusk,
 Come uninvited; he with bounteous Hand
 Imparts his smoaking Vintage, sweet Reward
 Of his own Industry; the well-fraught Bowl
 Circles incessant, whilst the humble Cell
 With quavering Laugh, and rural Jest resounds.
 Ease, and Content, and undissembled Love
 Shine in each Face; the Thoughts of Labour past
 Encrease their Joy. As from retentive Cage
 When sullen *Philomel* escapes, her Notes
 She varies, and oft past Imprisonment
 Sweetly complains; her Liberty retriev'd
 Cheers her sad Soul, improves her pleasing Song.
 Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceeding the Bounds
 Of healthy Temp'rance, nor incroach on Night,
 Season of Rest, but well bedew'd repair

Each to his Home, with unſupplanted Feet.
 E'er Heaven's emblazon'd by the roſie Dawn
 Domeſtic Cares awake them ; brisk they riſe,
 Refresh'd, and lively with the Joys that flow
 From amicable Talk, and moderate Cups
 Sweetly interchang'd. The pining Lover finds
 Preſent Redreſs, and long Oblivion drinks
 Of Coy *Lucinda*. Give the Debtor Wine ;
 His Joys are ſhort, and few, yet when he drinks
 His Dread retires, the flowing Glaſſes add
 Courage, and Mirth ; Magnificent in Thought,
 Imaginary Riches he enjoys,
 And in the Goal expatiates unconfin'd.
 Nor can the Poet *Bacchus*' Praise Indite,
 Debarr'd his Grape : The Muſes ſtill require
 Humid Regalement, nor will aught avail
 Imploring *Phæbus*, with unmoiſten'd Lips.
 Thus to the generous Bottle all incline,
 By parching Thirſt allur'd : With vehement Suns
 When duſty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,
 How pleaſant is't, beneath the twiſted Arch
 Of a retreating Bow'r, in Mid-day's Reign
 To ply the ſweet Carouſe, remote from Noiſe,
 Secur'd of ſev'riſh Heats ! When th' aged Year
 Inclines, and *Boreas*' Spirit bluſters frore,
 Beware th' inclement Heav'ns ; now let thy Hearth
 Crackle with juiceleſs Boughs ; thy lingring Blood
 Now inſtigate with th' Apples powerful Streams.
 Perpetual Showers, and ſtormy Guſts confine
 The willing Plowman, and *December* warns

To Annual Jollities ; now sportive Youth
 Carol incondite Rhythms, with suiting Notes,
 And quaver unharmonious ; sturdy Swains
 In clear Array, for rustick Dance prepare,
 Mixt with the Buxom Damsels ; hand in hand
 They frisk, and bound, and various Mazes weave,
 Shaking their brawny Limbs, with uncouth Mein,
 Transported, and sometimes, and oblique Leer
 Dart on their Loves, sometimes, an hasty Kiss
 Steal from unwary Lasses ; they with Scorn,
 And Neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd Bliss.
 Mean while, blind *British* Bards with volant Touch
 Traverse loquacious Strings, whose solemn Notes
 Provoke to harmless Revels ; these among,
 A subtile Artift stands, in wondrous Bag
 That bears imprison'd Winds, (of gentler sort
 Than those, which erst *Laertes* Son enclos'd.)
 Peaceful they sleep, but let the tuneful Squeeze
 Of labouring Elbow reuse them, out they fly
 Melodious, and with spritely Accents charm.
 'Midst these Disports, forget they not to drench
 Themselves with belying Goblets, nor when Spring
 Returns, can they refuse to usher in
 The fresh-born Year with loud Acclaim, and store
 Of jovial Draughts, now, when the sappy Boughs
 Attire themselves with Blooms, sweet Rudiments
 Of future Harvest : When the *Gnosian* Crown
 Leads on expected Autumn, and the Trees
 Discharge their mellow Burthens, let them thank
 Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies.

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Their Vaults, and with her former Liquid Gifts
 Exilerate their languid Minds, within
 The Golden *Mean* confin'd : Beyond, there's naught
 Of Health, or Pleasure. Therefore, when thy Heart
 Dilates with fervent Joys, and eager Soul
 Prompts to pursue the sparkling Glass, be sure
 'Tis time to shun it ; if thou wilt prolong
 Dire Comporation, forthwith Reason quits
 Her Empire to Confusion, and Misrule,
 and vain Debates ; then twenty Tongues at once
 Conspire in senseless Jargon, naught is heard
 but Din, and various Clamour, and Mad Rant :
 Distrust, and Jealousie to these succeed,
 and anger-kindling Taunt, the certain Bane
 of well-knit Fellowship. Now horrid Frays
 commence, the brimming Glasses now are hurl'd
 With dire Intent ; Bottles with Bottles clash
 In rude Encounter, round their Temples fly.
 The sharp-edg'd Fragments, down their batter'd Cheeks
 Next Gore, and Cyder flow : What shall we say
 Of rash *Elpenor*, who in evil Hour
 Drank an immeasurable Bowl, and thought
 To exhale his Surfeit by irriguous Sleep,
 Imprudent ? Him, Death's Iron-Sleep oppress'd,
 Descending careless from his Couch ; the Fall
 Next his Neck-joint, and spinal Marrow bruis'd.
 We need we tell what anxious Cares attend
 The turbulent Mirth of Wine ; nor all the kinds
 Of Maladies, that lead to Death's grim Cave,
 Brought by Intemperance, joint racking Gout,

Intestine

Intestine Stone, and pining Atrophy,
 Chill, even when the Sun with *July*-Heats
 Frys the scorch'd Soil, and Dropsy all a-float,
 Yet craving Liquid : Nor the *Centaur's* Tale
 Be here repeated ; how with Lust, and Wine
 Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken Souls
 At feasting Hour. Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, that guard
 The *British* Isles, such dire Events remove
 Far from fair *Albion*, nor let Civil Broils
 Ferment from Social Cups : May we, remote
 From the hoarse, brazen Sound of War, enjoy
 Our humid Products, and with seemly Draughts
 Enkindle Mirth, and Hospitable Love.
 Too oft alas ! has mutual Hatred drench'd
 Our Swords in Native Blood, too oft has Pride,
 And hellish Discord, and insatiate Thirst
 Of other's Rights, our Quiet discompos'd.
 Have we forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd
 Wide-spreading, when by *Eris*' Torch incens'd
 Our Fathers warr'd ? What Hero's, signaliz'd
 For Loyalty, and Prowess, met their Fate
 Untimely, undeserv'd ! How *Bertie* fell,
Compton, and *Gravill*, dauntless Sons of *Mars*,
 Fit Themes of endless Grief, but that we view
 Their Virtues yet surviving in their Race !
 Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong Routs
 Defy'd their Prince to Arms, nor made account
 Of Faith, or Duty, or Allegiance sworn ?
 Apostate, Atheist Rebels ! bent to Ill,
 With seeming Sanctity, and cover'd Fraud,

still'd by him, who first presum'd to oppose
 omnipotence ; alike their Crime, th' Event
 was not alike ; these triumph'd, and in height
 of barbarous Malice, and insulting Pride,
 obtain'd not from Imperial Blood. O Fate !
 unparallel'd ! O *Charles* ! O Best of Kings !
 That Stars their black, disastrous Influence shed
 on Thy Nativity, that Thou shou'dst fall,
 thus, by inglorious Hands, in this Thy Realm,
 supreme, and Innocent, adjudg'd to Death
 by those, Thy Mercy only wou'd have sav'd !
 'twas the Cyder-Land unstain'd with Guile ;
 the Cyder-Land, obsequious still to Thrones,
 abhor'd such base, disloyal Deeds, and all
 her Pruning-hooks extended into Swords,
 daunted, to assert the trampled Rights
 of Monarchy ; but, ah ! successless. She
 however faithful ! then was no Regard
 to Right, or Wrong. And this, once happy Land,
 by home-bred Fury rent, long groan'd beneath
 tyrannic Sway, 'till fair revolving Years
 restor'd exil'd Kings, and Liberty restor'd.
 Now we exult, by mighty *ANNA*'s Care
 secure at home, while She to foreign Realms
 sends forth her dreadful Legions, and restrains
 the Rage of Kings : Here, nobly She supports
 the Oppress'd ; here, Her victorious Arms
 quell the Ambitious : From Her Hand alone
 Europe fears Revenge, or hopes Redress.
 Adieu, O *Albion* ! sever'd from the World

By Nature's wise Indulgence, indigent
 Of nothing from without ; in One Supreme
 Intirely blest ; and from beginning time
 Design'd thus happy ; but the fond Desire
 Of Rule, and Grandeur, multiply'd a Race
 Of Kings, and numerous Sceptres introduc'd,
 Destructive of the public Weal : For now
 Each Potentate, as wary Fear, or Strength,
 Or Emulation urg'd, his Neighbour's Bounds
 Invades, and ampler Territory seeks
 With ruinous Assault ; on every Plain
 Host cop'd with Host, dire was the Din of War,
 And ceaseless, or short Truce haply procur'd
 By Havoc, and Dismay, 'till Jealousy
 Rais'd new Combustion : Thus was Peace in vain
 Sought for by Martial Deeds, and Conflict stern :
 'Till *Edgar* grateful (as to those who pine
 A dismal half-Year Night, the orient Beam
 Of *Phæbus* Lamp) arose, and into one
 Cemented all the long-contending Pow'rs,
 Pacific Monarch ; then Her lovely Head
 Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
 The Spirit of Love ; at Ease, the Bards new strung
 Their silent Harps, and taught the Woods, and Vales,
 In uncouth Rhythms, to echo *Edgar's* Name.
 Then Gladness smil'd in every Eye ; the Years
 Ran smoothly on, productive of a Line
 Of wise, Heroic Kings, that by just Laws
 Establish'd Happiness at home, or crush'd
 Insulting Enemies in farthest Climes.

See Lyon-Hearted *Richard*, with his Force
 Drawn from the North, to *Jury's* hollow'd Plains!
 Piously valiant, (like a Torrent swell'd
 With wintry Tempests, that disdains all Mounds,
 Breaking a Way impetuous, and involves
 Within its Sweep, Trees, Houses, Men) he press'd
 Amidst the thickest Battel; and o'er-threw
 What-e'er withstood his zealous Rage; no Pause,
 No stay of Slaughter, found his vigorous Arm,
 But th' unbelieving Squadrons turn'd to Flight
 Smote in the Rear, and with dishonest Wounds
 Mangl'd behind: The *Soldan*, as he fled,
 Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnashing with Despite,
 And Shame, and murmur'd many an empty Curse.

Behold Third *Edward's* Streamers blazing high,
 On *Gallia's* hostile Ground! his Right with-held,
 Awakens Vengeance; O imprudent *Gauls*,
 Relying on false Hopes, thus to incense
 The warlike *English*! one important Day
 Shall teach you meaner Thoughts: Eager of Fight,
 Fierce *Brutus* Off-spring to the adverse Front
 Advance resistless, and their deep Array
 With furious Inroad pierce; the mighty Force
 Of *Edward*, twice o'erturn'd their desperate King,
 Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid Shock:
 The third time, with his wide extended Wings,
 He fugitive declin'd superior Strength,
 Discomfited; pursu'd, in the sad Chace
 Ten Thousands ignominious fall; with Blood
 The Vallies float: Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,

With golden Iris his broad Shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious Prince! whom, Fame with 'all her
(Tongues

For ever shall resound. Yet from his Loins
New Authors of Dissention spring; from him
Two Branches, that in hoſting long contend
For Sov'rain Sway; (and can ſuch Anger dwell
In nobleſt Minds?) but little now avail'd
The Ties of Friendſhip; every Man, as lead
By Inclination, or vain Hope, repair'd
To either Camp, and breath'd immortal Hate,
And dire Revenge: Now horrid ſlaughter reigns;
Sons againſt Father tilt the fatal Lance,
Careleſs of Duty, and their native Grounds,
Diſtain with Kindred Blood, the twanging Bows
Send Showers of Shafts, that on their barbed Points
Alternate Ruin bear. Here might you ſee
Barons, and Peaſants on th' embattled Field
Slain or half dead, in one huge, ghastly Heap
Promiſcuouſly amaſt: with diſmal Groans
And Ejulation, in the Pangs of Death
Some call for Aid, neglected; ſome o'erturn'd
In the fierce Shock, lye gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery Courſers; Horror thus,
And wild Up roar, and Deſolation reign'd
Unreſpited: Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious Fray? What Man has Fate
Reſerv'd for this great Work? --- Hail, happy Prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the Whomb of Time
Cadwallador foreſaw: Thou, Thou art He,

Great

Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial Rites
 Must close the Gates of *Janus*, and remove
 Destructive Discord: Now no more the Drum
 Provokes to Arms, or Trumper's Clangor shrill
 Affrights the Wives, or chills the Virgin's Blood;
 Joy, and Pleasure open to the View
 uninterrupted! With presaging Skill
 Thou to Thy own unitest *Fergus*' Line
 by wise Alliance; from the *James* descends,
 Heav'n's chosen Fav'rite, first *Britannick* King.
 To him alone, Hereditary Right
 And Power supreme; yet still some Seeds remain'd
 Discontent; Two Nations under One,
 Laws and Int'rest diverse, still pursu'd
 peculiar Ends, on each Side resolute
 Against Conjunction; neither Fear, nor Hope,
 Nor the sweet Prospect of a mutual Gain,
 Could ought avail, 'till prudent *ANNA* said
 There be *UNION*; strait with Reverence due
 To her Command, they willingly unite,
 In Affection, Laws, and Government,
 Unshakably firm; from *Dubris* South,
 To Northern *Oreades*, Her long Domain.
 And now thus leagu'd by an eternal Bond,
 Shall retard the *Britons*' bold Designs,
 Who sustain their Force; in Union knit,
 Able to withstand the Pow'rs combin'd
 On this Globe? At this important Act
 Mauritanian and Cathaian Kings
 Tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*

Dreads War from utmost *Thule*; uncontrol'd
 The *British* Navy thro' the Ocean vast
 Shall wave her double Cross, t'extremest Climes
 Terrific, and return with odorous Spoils
 Of *Araby* well fraught; or *Indus* Wealth,
 Pearl, and Barbaric Gold; mean while the Swains
 Shall unmolested reap, what Plenty flows
 From well stor'd Hóth, rich Grain, and timely Fruits
 The elder Year, *Potons*, pleas'd, shall dock
 With ruby-tinctur'd Births, whose liquid Stots
 Abundant, flowing in well blended Streams,
 The Natives shall applaud; while glad the talk
 Of baleful Ills, caus'd by *Bellona's* Wrath
 In other Realms; where-e'er the *British* spread
 Triumphant Banners, or their Fame has reach'd
 Diffusive, to the utmost Bounds of this
 Wide Universe, *Siberian* Cyder-borne
 Shall please all Tasts, and triumph o'er the Vine.

THE END.



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